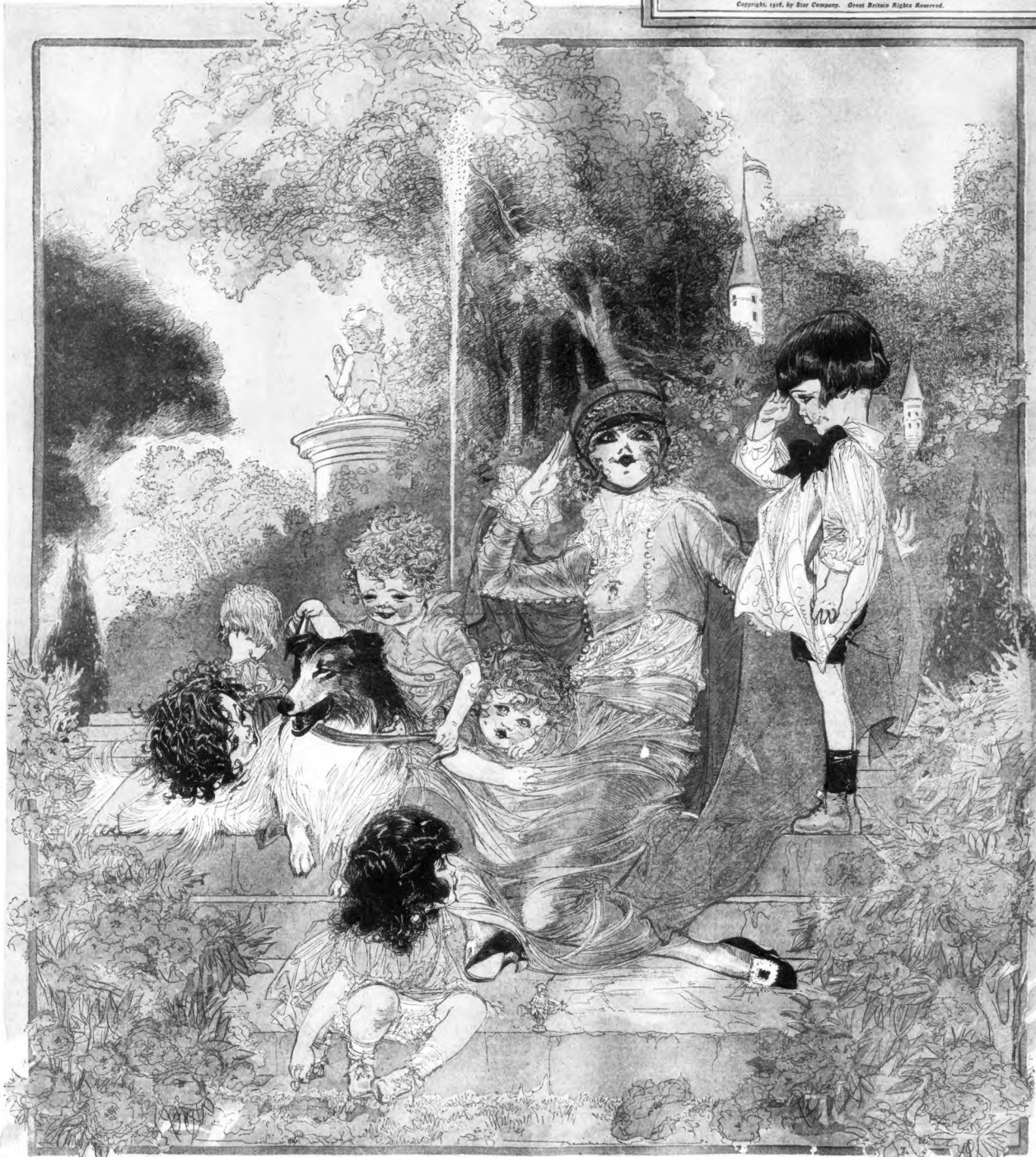


"GOLDEN-EYES" AND HER HERO "BILL" OVER THERE BY NELL BRINKLEY

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Number
TEN

FAR from the sound of guns! Sunshine on Golden-Eyes' head and peace in her heart—for a little while. After Bill's heroic and triumphant march back from the lines in the cheering midst of his Dough-boys, his dog safe and his girl on his heart again—the streets of Paris knew the tap of Golden-Eyes' little feet—and the French her passing smile. Golden-Eyes was loaded down to sagging with burden of jewels from many a chateau and town-house Captain Hugo had decked her in—and some that he hadn't—that

Golden-Eyes had remembered to rescue for the sake of the silver lilies of France captive on his walls. What to do with them!!! Long ago their owners had vanished—no one to claim them—for Golden-Eyes *did* search. So the gay little American who had grown a soberer and more tender heart in service, sold every pretty thing, down to the last glitter and glint of gold and diamond. And behold there was enough and more in Golden-Eyes' small fist to provide for a round hundred French babies— orphaned by War!

Far from the sound of guns again, in the still, sunny peace of the garden of a beautiful chateau, under a tender sky, hearing birds again, with a tear and smile welded in her heart, Bill's sweetheart passed a sunny week with lovable babies climbing over her, strangling her with loving arms, playing war about her and calling her with every breath, "Petite Maman Golden-Eyes!"

And Uncle Sam endured their kisses and elaborate affection with true collie courtesy.

LOOK OUT! Mr. Gondorf is at Large Again

No Master Criminal of the Detective Novels
or the Movies Ever Performed More Spectacular
Exploits Than This Engaging Dress-Suit
Swindler of Millions
Who Has Just
Walked Out of
Sing Sing Prison

Out of Sing Sing
Prison Walked
Charles Gondorf
the Other Day.
From His Lair at
the Waldorf.
Astoria and Other
Big New York
Hotels Gondorf,
Like a Wolf in
Sheep's Clothing,
Had Preyed on the
Rich and Un-
suspecting.

AT your club some evening soon it's quite possible that you may meet a man of distinguished manner, faultless dress and highly polished speech who will graciously manage to turn the conversation to horse racing. Presently he will tell you in whispered confidence that he knows of a sure way to play the races and always be a sure winner. Later on he will suggest—

But don't let him waste any further breath. Just ask him to pardon you for a minute, step to the nearest telephone booth and tell Police Headquarters all about it. Do precisely the same thing if you meet in the lobby of your hotel a retired business man who explains how a real, honest-to-goodness gold mine can be had for a mere song by advancing a few thousand dollars to a dying mining engineer.

And when you find in your mail a letter from a convict in some Spanish prison who needs only a little capital to recover a princely buried treasure turn it over to the police and let them answer it for you.

The more plausible the scheme for making money easily and the more well bred, prosperous and trustworthy the man presenting it appears, the more you must beware—that is, unless you have so much money that you don't mind throwing a few thousands away.

The reason for all this caution is that Charles Gondorf, the steadiest, shrewdest, most deceptive confidence man that ever preyed upon the public, is at large again. And if his appetite for other people's money is as keen as it was before he was sent to Sing Sing he may this very minute be setting one of his cunning traps for you.

No one can safely consider himself proof against the wiles of a supercrook such as Gondorf has been for twenty years. Hundreds of business and professional men of the highest standing have fallen surprisingly easy prey to him, and each time the swindler's trap was sprung the unfortunate victim lost at least a small fortune.

It cost Daniel C. Curry, former controller of the city of Winnipeg, just \$14,000 for allowing the benevolent man of letters whom he met at French Lick Springs to "let him in on the ground floor" of a scheme to buy a New York pool room out of a cool half million.

Forty-three thousand dollars was the price Arnold Z. Swannick, a well-known Ohio physician, paid for believing what a chance acquaintance on the 29th Century Limited, who displayed letters of introduction from two of Cleveland's leading bankers, had to say about a mythical consumptive engineer and his mine.

Oris Barnard and J. S. Nutley, of Portland, Oregon, were firmly convinced that a certain distinguished elderly gentleman was the authorized agent of a Spanish convict who needed financial aid to recover \$300,000 worth of buried treasure. Before they finished dying with him one night in his luxurious suite at the Waldorf-Astoria they handed him certified checks for \$25,000. Needless to say they never saw their genial host again and they have only the memory of a delicious dinner to show for their lifetime savings.

Experiences like these show what everybody with a little money will have to guard against more than ever now that Gondorf is free again. The total swindling of the band of swindling experts of which he was (and possibly still is) the leader and leader ran high into the millions during the year 1912 alone the New York police estimated that guileless men and



Major Edward G. Pendleton (on the Right), the Wealthy Southerner, Who Was Swindled Out of \$55,000 by Gondorf. With Him Is His Friend, Jean H. E. Saint Cyr, Who Married the Millionaire Widow of "Silent" Smith.

women contributed to the swollen coffers of these swindlers more than \$250,000. The annals of crime can show no other career so spectacular and so extraordinary in every way as that of Charles Gondorf, the acknowledged King of Confidence Men. Although engaged in the boldest dishonesty for more than twenty years and for most of that time a marked man to the police of a half dozen countries, he has until recently a charmed life so far as punishment for his innumerable crimes was concerned. The short term he completed at Sing Sing the other day was the first he ever served in prison.

Such a record is all the more remarkable in view of the number of his victims, their social prominence and the large sums of which he robbed them. It is more than mere luck that has enabled Gondorf to escape the law's clutches time and again. It is also more than the ability to employ the best of legal talent that has enabled him to keep on piling up his ill-gotten gains while other criminals far less to be dreaded by society were being sent to prison for long terms.

If the underworld can be said to have its aristocracy, Gondorf is one of them. So far as present day crime is concerned he is perhaps the only man whose exploits are known to a large circle of the "40's."

We have now and then a gentleman burglar or a gentleman pickpocket, but he is a man who assumes the garb and manners of fashionable society only for the brief interval necessary to accomplish his dishonest purpose. At other times we find him living in a tent, eating at a roadside cafe and wearing soiled linen and shabby clothes.

But Gondorf is always the gentleman, the thoroughbred man of the world, dressed in exquisite taste and revealing in his every word and action all the earmarks of wealth, education and good breeding. Whether putting the finishing touches to some gigantic swindle or quietly lying in wait for his next victim, he is never out of harmony with what we are accustomed to find in the very bluest blooded social circles.

In this fact lies the reason for his Confidence King's success not only in duping wealthy men, but in making it so difficult for the authorities to get enough evidence to convict him.

Although born the son of a poor gambler, Gondorf was not long in shaking off all signs of his humble origin. Nature had given him a good physique, a pleasing voice and eye, the sort of personality that

women call "charming" and men "strong." Keen observation, a marvellous memory and a facility for imitation that would have made him a great actor did the rest.

Gondorf is a man who can rub shoulders with millionaires in fashionable clubs and Fifth Avenue drawing-rooms and never expect anything but approving glances. In fact, it has usually been in places like these that he has made the acquaintance of his victims, and there in many instances he actually lays hand on the certified checks or fat rolls of crisp banknotes for which he has been plotting for weeks.

So engaging is Gondorf's personality and so brilliant his powers as a conversationalist on all sorts of topics that the regret of some of his victims over their financial losses is actually tempered by pleasant memories of the hours they passed with him while they were being led toward his trap.

It's shameful the way he swindled one," said a Boston banker who helped swell the confidence man's fortune by nearly \$100,000, "but I certainly did enjoy knowing him. He gave me some ideas that have been of wonderful help to me in my present hobby, the collection of old books."

Another thing that makes Gondorf a man to be dreaded is the astonishing reality of his methods. In crime, as in other things, there is no longer anything really new under the sun, but Gondorf knows how to give such an alluring twist to old swindles that he has been able to deceive even the most worldly wise.

One of the time-honored swindles into which Gondorf introduced so many variations that it worked even better than when brand new is what is known as the wire-tapping game. A good example of the way it was played over and over again is furnished by the experience of Major Edward G. Pendleton, a wealthy Southerner.

The Major has palatial homes in Savannah, Atlantic City and Palm Beach. It was at the latter that Jean H. E. Saint Cyr, the young New York man-about-town, wooed and won the millionaire widow of "Silent" Smith. Both Mr. and Mrs. Saint Cyr have long been friends of the Major.

Like so many other wealthy men, Major Edward G. Pendleton made a great deal of time in New York. He is a very familiar figure in the Fifth Avenue clubs and at the Waldorf-Astoria and other fashionable hotels.

A university-trained, widely travelled man of the world, Major Pendleton is the last man any ordinary swindler would select as a likely victim. But Gondorf seems to have marked him for a good

prosper from the moment they met in the library of one of New York's most exclusive clubs.

As the acquaintance ripened the Major and Gondorf met frequently at the club and also at the Waldorf-Astoria, where they both were guests.

Presently various confederates of Gondorf, posing as retired manufacturers, wealthy mine owners, etc., were introduced. The Major found them even more enjoyable companions than Gondorf, particularly a portly middle-aged man who called himself Atwell J. Halle.

It was Halle whose task was to acquaint the Major with the details of the plan to make a few hundred thousand dollars at the expense of the pool rooms.

Once the victim's interest was aroused Gondorf began to recede into the background. This, it should be said, is Gondorf's usual custom. After picking out the victim and winning his confidence he likes to eliminate himself and leave to other trusted and carefully trained members of his staff the consummation of the swindle.

According to the story Halle told the Major, the former had a friend who had charges of one of the Western Union building in his limousine. There he summoned from a room on an upper floor, where hundreds of telegraph keys were clicking a shift-altered man, who was introduced as the operator in charge of the racing wire.

That was enough for the Major. The next day he made his first bet—\$5,000 at odds of 2 to 1 on a horse named, curiously enough, Never Again. Of course, Never Again won, and Major Pendleton, with a heart full of gratitude to his friend Halle, pocketed \$10,000. Then he was urged to place more heavily and make a "kill."

This time the odds were 10 to 1, but something went wrong, and he lost.

Still believing implicitly all the swindlers were telling him, the Major next day made another bet of \$40,000 to get even. This was lost through an unfortunate error of the betting clerk, and he was told.

This was a little too much for even the guileless Major to swallow. He hurried to Police Headquarters and told his troubles to Deputy Commissioner Duggerty. But by the time the detectives got into action Gondorf, Halle, and even the shift-altered Western Union operator had vanished.

The facts in the matter came out months later when Major Pendleton brought suit in the court of New Jersey to recover from Gondorf the \$55,000 which he had lost in the short space of three days.

Another important factor in the success of this master criminal is the keenness of his knowledge of human nature. The weakness of his fellow men are his main reliance, and no one understands better than he how to exploit them. It is a very simple matter for Gondorf to set a trap with bait that cannot fail to tempt.

It was Major Pendleton's itching for easy money on which Gondorf and his associates played when they unfolded their plot to take the poolrooms.

In the case of William F. Walker, the unfortunate Connecticut bank cashier, it was the fear of exposure for past thefts that enabled Gondorf to induce the man to steal hundreds of thousands of dollars more from his employers.

Fear of disgrace in the eyes of one's family and friends is another motive which the astute Gondorf has often turned to his advantage. It is always particularly useful in the case of strangers in New York.

The stranger is lured to a fake poolroom in a fashionable hotel or a Broadway office building. There he sees a group of "millionaires" making bets of \$10,000 or \$20,000 with a nonchalance that takes his breath away.

Suddenly the door opens and a half dozen stern-faced men rush in. "The place is pitched!" some one cries. The supposed detectives arrest the poolroom operators and also the poor stranger in New York, declaring that he bears a striking resemblance to a man wanted for murder.

On the way to the station house it is



Mr. Gondorf, a Real-Life Master Criminal.

gently hinted to him that perhaps he might be able to escape the disgrace of a night in a cell and arraignment in court on a charge of murder by a liberal payment.

The terrified victim grasps eagerly at this straw and turns over to his captors a sum that has on some occasions run as high as \$100,000.

There is no form of swindle at which Gondorf is not adept. But whatever the scheme of fleecing his fellow men it is invariably one involving big money and one that can be carried out in a setting of luxury with diamonds sparkling, champagne cork popping and all the actors wearing silk hats and fur-lined overcoats.

It may be that this master criminal's few years in prison for complicity in a wire-tapping swindle have led him to decide to turn his really brilliant talents to some honest use. On the other hand, it may be that he has spent his years of confinement devising new and more ingenious means of luring the dollars out of other men's pockets.

But whatever the truth of the matter, it won't do a bit of harm to be more wary than ever now that Gondorf is out.

Again!—Nat Goodwin Selects His SIXTH WIFE

Wife No. 4—Edna Goodrich

First Wife.....Eliza Weatherby
Second Wife.....Nellie Pease
Third Wife.....Maxine Elliott
Fourth Wife.....Edna Goodrich
Fifth Wife.....Margaret Moreland
Sixth Wife-to-Be...Georgia Gardner

NAT GOODWIN, freed by his fifth divorce from the t'raldom of matrimony, had said: Enough. More than enough. Never again. But within a week of his decision he encountered at the stage door a girl with laughing eyes. The door had swung back and he had entered the dusky corridor "head on." He collided with a soft, slender figure, from whose enveloping furs rose a faint cloud of scent.

"I beg your pardon." He pulled his hat off the dome on which remained a sparse showing of what an admirer long ago called his "honey colored hair." "Very awkward of me, I'm sure."

A laugh like the sound of a leaping brook in June made answer: "No damage done, Mr. Goodwin." A slight slam of the door followed her exit into the sunlight. The comedian groped his way through the dusk.

"Who's the little hummer?" he demanded.

"The girl who just went out? Oh, she's only the understudy."

"I didn't ask what she is but who she is." The actor's tone was irritative.

"Surely she has a name, my man?"

"Yes, sir. Her friends that come around here after the show—she has lots of 'em—call her 'G. G.' I've seen her take the letters addressed to Miss Georgia Gardner."

The acquaintance thus unconventionally begun advanced with the good-humored rapidity of stage friendships. It met a serious interruption when arrived the news, "Mr. Goodwin has had a serious accident. He mistook chloroform for an eyewash. His eyeball has been burned. He will probably become blind."

The members of the company were sorry, but they believed that the afflicted man should remain undisturbed. The humble little understudy was not of their mind.

"Nobody is too great to be human," she persisted.

"I'm going to see him."

To the dark room where the distinguished patient sat in gloom of spirit went the little cheer-carrier. She poised in the doorway, darning her little hand toward the disconsolate figure with the bandaged eyes. She clasped her limp, nervous hand in her warm one.

"Oh, Mr. Goodwin, I am so very sorry." There could be no mistake as to the distress in the vibrant, young voice.

"It's very good of you to come to see me, child." Pain and depression had wrought a change in the man of many wiles. His tone was fatherly.

But a Romeo could not long remain a Lear. In the slow days of his recovery the divorced actor felt an accession of that which he had thought dead in him. It could not be mistaken. Too often had he been acquainted with it. 'Twas the rising tide of romance. It was a restless tide.

With each of his divorces it had gone out, but with the meeting of a new beauty it had come in again with such force that it had carried him straight into the port of matrimony.

Sitting in his big chair in the darkened room, he beat the arms of the chair with nervous fingers and stared into the blackness caused by the bandaged eyes.

"It would be ridiculous for me to go through with it again," he said to himself. Again and again he said it. "I can't do that. I'm sixty-one. Born July 25, 1857. It's in the third register at Boston and spread in all the Who's Who's in America. Besides, I feel it. I'm not as active as I used to be. Hardening a little. No, to George, there's nobody about. I'm going to be honest. Hardening a good deal around the joints. I don't trip up and down the stairs at the Lambeth. I used to do. Suppose I should walk more. No, I think I'll ride. It's easier. But won't a man with one eye ride to a fall?"

Still, she does seem interested in me. What a pretty little thing she is! And that laugh is like the clink of ice in a pitcher the day after. But she's only twenty-three. Let me wait. Twenty-three from sixty-one leaves thirty-eight. Lord! I'm old enough to be his grandfather. Yes, by jove, I could.

"What would they say to me at the Lambeth? Or wouldn't they say anything? Some of them didn't the last time. That's worse than anything. And the newspaper fellows! Wonder if I can stand another rash of paragraphs?"

"Any way, if I don't want any thing, De Wolf Hopper never did. This would put me ahead of him by two. Well, it's kept Hoppy busy. Why shouldn't I do the same for me?" And there's Kine David. They gave him a child wife to bring back his youth. And Dr. John Wythe. He is a doctor, too. founder of the Polyclinic Hospital. He married a girl of twenty-three. And he's seventy-three. What other men have done—

"I don't deny that life loses its savor for me when I'm alone. Women brighten the tarnished surfaces of life. Still, I wonder if it isn't up to old me to find a decent exit from the stage of life? Ah! there

you are 'G. G.' Bless your heart. I'm glad you came; I was feeling a bit blue."

"That will never do, governor."

She mentioned another star who has sedulously kept the secret of a missing eye that had been replaced by the optician's art. She argued that sixty is not ancient.

General Roch was sixty-three when the war began. Think what he has done since," she reminded.

It is pleasant for a man to hear such thoughts, especially if spoken by a confident, kindly, even an affectionate voice. The star had no sense of stooping from the high heaven of his eminence to the little understudy. Never said when he

Wife No. 3—Maxine Elliott

Wife No. 2—Nellie Pease

Wife No. 1—Eliza Weatherby

married Eliza Weatherby, his elder in art as in years, had wedded distinction. Marriage with him had brought it. He had never been niggardly of his lustre.

So spontaneous was it—inexhaustibly, indeed—he was willing to share it, provided the sharer were young and very beautiful.

He felt to flunk when she had gone, and when she called again the next day he talked with "G. G." about the women he had loved and married. He repeated the characteristic in "Nat Goodwin's Book":

"My first wife was an angel; my second a silly woman; my third a Roman Senator, my fourth a pretty little thing; my fifth, all woman. My whole desire was by her lustre, attention to let hope triumph over experience."

He told her, too, what he had said in moments of bitterness to a few of his nearest friends: "The trouble with my life is that I have loved beautiful women and they have all trimmed me."

Timidly she asked for facts about the saintly Needham Goodwin. Yes, it was true, he told her. Save in the case of the first Mrs. Goodwin, who was an angel and more than wife, they had all muted him of gold or of glory. They had been ungrateful, he asserted. "Silly Nellie Baker Pease" had forsaken her husband for him, penniless, and had been miserably jealous of their son, N. C. Goodwin III, who died,



AND—Miss Georgia Gardner, Who Is to Become Mrs. Nat Goodwin, No. 6.

Maxine Elliott had mounted on his shoulders to heights of station and left him when he had done all he could for her. She had even declared that he had not taught her to act! Inmate!

Edna Goodrich? Yes, she had taken most from him because she had brought him to the honored place of his leading woman. And when she divorced him she was mercenary, even greedy, she and her mother. Oh, that mother! Miss Margaret Moreland! It had looked as though that marriage might be a happy one. But five years had proven otherwise. Yes, it was true that she was all woman. Yet she had possessed the faults of the others, save the angel.

And now he was an old man, his fortune gone with his youth. He was half blind. His friends had fallen away. He was a "remnant."

She would not permit him to go all himself. He was a great man, a most fascinating one. Everybody knew that he was a fine man save for a few faults—and who is without faults?

The patient listened to her as audience listen to the speeches he delivers from the stage. What eloquence in great as that which makes us believe anew in ourselves!

The conversation ended as you may suppose. Georgia Gardner accepted the matrimonial romantic, though she protested against the self-given name.

She had a story to tell, too, but a story of one chapter, and brief.

She was born in Springfield, Ill., not quite twenty-three years before. She had gone to school, like other girls. People had said she was pretty and she had gone to Chicago and entered the chorus. A man who thought she was more than pretty, was positively handsome, silly thing, had raised her to show girl. She had been ambitious to have musical comedy. A chance had come to underwrite

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And This Time, After Many Disappointing Experiences with Great STARS, the Comedian Will Marry an Unknown Young SHOW GIRL

Wife No. 5—Margaret Moreland

the women's parts in "Why Marry?" That was all.

"All of professional history, my dear, but what of the history of that kind little heart?" insisted the man with the bandaged eyes.

That, too, had been brief. Joseph Weinhandl had seen her on the stage in "The Rose Maid." He had fallen in love with her. They had married by way of hooker. But soon the family influence against her was apparent. He had received one letter from him. It bore a German postmark. It was a sad little letter. She could repeat it because she knew it by heart.

"My Dearest Georgia: My blood runs cold when I think of my wife in New York alone. I do nothing now but dream. I just simply dream, day and night, of our sweet past. The cigarettes in the little silver box on the table and our little games of pinocle."

"It's heart-breaking. I tell you. How we used to embrace and kiss each other. The thought drives me crazy. The future is black to me. I go to sleep every night with the same prayer—that I may never wake up again. Your own, JOE."

"G. O." had been sorry for him, but what woman could suspect a man who permitted himself to be taken by his family from his wife? There had been a divorce. That was all.

And so you're going to marry Nat Goodwin. Why?" friends asked her.

To which the dew-eyed new fiancée replied: "Why not? He's a fine man. Edna Goodrich and the others who divorced him said the same. And he has a sense of humor. That's 80 per cent of getting along without much blundering in life. Besides, he marries his women. He doesn't flirt and forget. It's the marriage license and the church and a benefit of clergy honeymoon for him."

Mr. Goodwin had planned a long tour in "Why Marry?" The pretty understudy will accompany him. The wedding, they said, would have to be a quiet one. Why strike the common to emphasize a new matrimonial experiment?

Nat Goodwin, the World's Matrimonial Champion.

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The Sultan's Secret Treasure

Just Like an En-
chanted Hoard of
the Arabian
Nights Is This
Aladdin's Cave of
Present Time

with Its Heaps of Jewels,
Its Gemmed Effigies of Dead
Rulers and Its Glittering
Loot of Six Centuries

HIDDEN away in the Green Vaults of the Old Seraglio Palace in Constantinople the Sultan of Turkey has gold, jewels and other treasure worth at a conservative estimate more than \$3,000,000,000. The contents of this huge treasure house are the result of centuries of hoarding on the part of Turkey's rulers. Here they piled up for the personal use of themselves and their successors all the richest of the loot brought back by their conquering armies from Persia, Greece and other lands to which they carried fire and the sword.

Now that peace is in sight, what is to become of all this wealth? Shall it be seized by the Allies as part reparation for the damage done them by Turkey and her German, Austrian and Bulgarian partners in crime, or shall the Turkish Government be compelled to use it to transform the Ottoman Empire from the miserable, poverty-stricken land it now is into a rich, prosperous and happy nation?

These are questions which are quite certain to receive serious consideration around the peace table at Versailles. It seems unlikely that the Allies will be willing to allow the Sultan to retain possession of what would prove such a powerful weapon in some future war on civilization.

This personal wealth of the Sultan is probably the greatest single collection of treasure in the world. A description of some of its items reads like pages from the "Arabian Nights," and to enumerate all of them even briefly would fill a volume as large as that famous work. If the Sultan were to take the contents of the Green Vaults with him into exile he would need a whole railroad train or all the cargo space of a good-sized ocean liner to carry the thousands of precious objects that fill his coffers.

The Green Vaults that hold the rich spoils of Turkey's long series of bloody wars are most jealously guarded. No less than twelve sets of heavily barred bronze doors have to be passed before the final entrance is reached to this Aladdin's cave. For every lock there are two keys entrusted to as many custodians, each of whom is watched over night and day by twenty-four armed guards. These guards are supposed to spy on each other as well as protect the guardians of the keys.

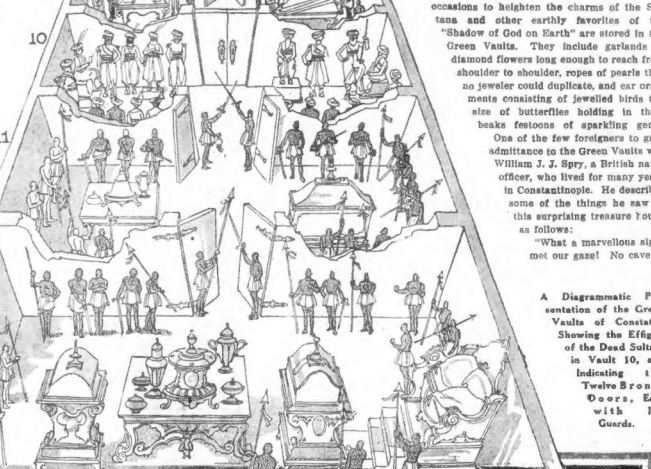
The key to the next, to the last of the doors is kept in an embroidered velvet case, which is entrusted to the special care of a high official. The last of the doors is curiously sealed with the imperial cipher, and the seal is never broken without elaborate ceremony. Before anyone not connected with the Imperial Treasury is allowed to set foot in the vaults a small army of guards is scattered about to prevent any of the priceless contents being carried away or injured by handling.

The treasure caves are officially known as the Green Vaults of Constantinople. They are located in a low-domed edifice at one end of the Court of Felicity. The entrance to the building is lavishly decorated with rare marbles and tiles of great antiquity, its beauties giving a faint hint of the wonders that will dazzle the eyes of anyone fortunate enough to be allowed to cross the threshold.

The most impressive object in the vaults, and probably the most valuable, is an imposing throne of beaten gold, adorned with thousands of rubies, pearls, diamonds, sapphires and emeralds, set in mosaic. This was one of the trophies brought from Persia by Selim I. away back in the Fifteenth Century. How he ever succeeded in transporting this ponderous piece of barbaric magnificence such a long distance in days when travelling was so difficult is quite beyond comprehension.

No other precious stones can compare in magnificence with the two great emeralds which crown the top of this throne. The weight of one is estimated at four pounds and the other is only a trifle smaller.

Close by stands a table of delicately carved ebony and sandalwood, itself worth a fortune. On this repose a mirror and a platter, both wrought of solid gold.



The Battle Torn and Time Worn Walls of Constantinople. It Was Over These That the Hordes of Mahomet I. Swept When Conquering the City, While the Treasures of the Byzantine Emperors Which They Found Formed the Nucleus of the Secret Treasure.

The Sultan Soliman, the Magnificent, Who Looted Europe and Asia, and Who Added at Least a \$1,000,000,000 Worth of Booty to the Treasure

kind. Particularly wonderful are the big rubies and emeralds forming the clasps of the samitons on the effigies of Ibrahim and Soliman II. It was during the reign of the latter monarch, in 1683, that the Turks won a notable victory over the Germans. The jewels that are brought forth on state occasions to lighten the charms of the Sultan and other earthly favorites of the "Shadow of God on Earth" are stored in the Green Vaults. They include garlands of diamond flowers long enough to reach from shoulder to shoulder, ropes of pearls that no jeweler could duplicate, and our ornaments consisting of jeweled birds the size of butterflies holding in their beaks festoons of sparkling gems.

One of the few foreigners to gain admittance to the Green Vaults was William J. Z. Spurr, a British naval officer, who lived for many years in Constantinople. He describes some of the things he saw in this surprising treasure house as follows:

"What a marvellous sight met our gaze! No cave of

A Diagrammatic Representation of the Green Vaults of Constantinople, Showing the Effigies of the Dead Sultans in Vault 10, and Including the Twelve Bronze Doors, Each with Its Guards.

diamonds began to scintillate on every side.

A profusion of objects of unknown age and of inestimable value were displayed in endless variety. Here were weapons of every period, from that of Yenghis Khan to that of Mahomet; weapons of silver and weapons of gold, loaded with precious stones; collections of golden cabinets of every size and every style, some covered with rubies, other with diamonds or sapphires; coffee services of silver and gold, fragrant and sweet of antique form and of exquisite beauty, fairy-like tissues, saddles and harness, saddle-cloths embroidered with silver and gold and bordered with flowers in precious stones; great chairs of state, made to sit cross-legged on, some of them one blade of rubies and pearls, giving them a roseate hue; others, again, covered with emerald and shining with a green light, like the ripples of sea-water.

"Our expectations, no doubt, were great, and our curiosity intense as we were shown around this wondrous storehouse. One of the first things to which our attention was called was a magnificent ivory throne inlaid with gold, studded with rubies, pearls and diamonds, and the seat cushioned with cloth of gold.

"In the cabinets are numberless velvet and silk prayer-carpet, embroidered in gold thread and precious stones, and a marvellous collection of arms, comprising scabbres in silver scabbards carved in relief, their blue-velvet blades covered with Arabic inscriptions in letters of gold, daggers with handles literally covered with diamonds and rubies, spears and old matchlocks, richly enamelled pistols, the stocks of which are covered with clusters of pearls, coral and other beautiful gems.

"Here, in gold-enamelled bowls, are quantities of horse turquoise, coral, agate, Cornelian topazes and strings of perfect amber beads. In another case we were permitted to admire agate, crystal and jade vases, mounted in gold and enamel; saddles and horse furniture of gold, inlaid with precious stones. But among the most curious objects was a large dressing-table, made of tortoise shell, encrusted with diamonds and rubies, the pillars supporting the mirror and frame of which were a mass of diamonds and rubies, all of large size; even the fringe round the edge of the table top, three or four inches in depth, was made of hanging strings of these precious stones.

"Perhaps one of the most interesting vases to which our attention was drawn was that in which were displayed effigies of twenty-five Sultans, dressed in their original gala costumes. Very gorgeous they looked in their richly embroidered robes of silk and cloth of gold and cashmere; loose trousers of beautifully embroidered brocade gauze or silk; rich sashes incrusted with precious stones, from which hung priceless scimitars with golden scabbards, the hilts literally covered in diamonds; pistols and daggers of the richest description and workmanship; the traditional slippers of yellow morocco; and their headresses most marvellous works of art and design, and turbans of the richest materials, with jewelled sigettes.

"Until the beginning of the nineteenth century whenever a Sultan died an effigy, as large as life and dressed in the most sumptuous of silks, would be brought to the treasury, wearing wonderful weapons in its sash, and on its head a grand turban, with a magnificent sigette of jewels. Here it would be deposited, covered with all this wealth, which was but for any other purpose. Slowly this solemn, richly-dressed group has increased in number, the new figures arrive one by one to take their places in this long line of ancient Sultans who have silently waited for them for hundreds of years. They touch shoulders now, all these phantoms of each other, brought together by death in the same dreary non-existence.

"And this extraordinary luxury, sprinkled with the dust of ages, is most melancholy to contemplate. Of fabulous magnificence, these figures, in their lofty turbans, guarded so jealously behind double iron doors, have seen years, centuries pass, and revolutions rise and fall, in the same immobility, the same weary slumber, even in the day-time behind the ancient grated windows, and in total obscurity as soon as the sun has set. Each one bears its same—now an empty sound, but once illustrious and terrible name. The Conqueror, 'Solyman the Magnificent,' 'Mahomet,' 'Mahomet the Reformer' and so on, through-out the group."



"THE LOOT OF THE SULTAN"—The Noted European Artist, G. Clairin's Conception of the Treasures of Constantinople Being Presented to Its Conqueror by His Soldiers.

and literally veneered with diamonds of unusual size, brilliance and symmetry. Everywhere are great heaps of unset precious stones—thousands of rubies, pearls, turquoise and emeralds piled up in the most prodigious profusion. Other

piles contain nothing but exquisitely carved buttons of jet, amber and mother of pearl, all set with great diamonds. The walls of one of the innermost of the vaults are lined with life-size effigies of the Sultans who ruled Turkey from 1451

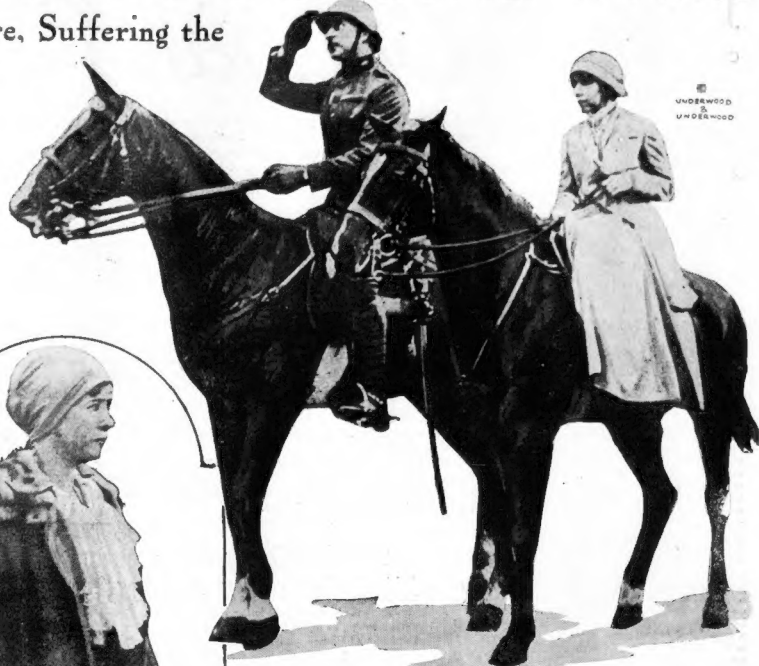
to 1839. Each of these is clad in robes of heavily brocaded silk and satin richer than any modern woman could obtain at any price. Their swords and daggers, and even the butt leathers of their turbans, are loaded with priceless jewels of every

All Baba ever contained such riches. For eight centuries matchless, precious stones and marvels of art have been hoarded up here. When our eyes, still dazzled with the outside sunshine, became accustomed to the obscurity, the

One Queen Who Will Not Have to Leave Her Throne

Fearlessly Working Under Shell Fire, Suffering the Same Privations as the Soldiers,

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium Won the Love of All



A Miniature Portrait of Princess Marie Jose, the Queen's Daughter.

A Pretty Unpublished Snapshot of the Three Children of Queen Elizabeth (on the Right) With Two Little Belgian Children (on the Left.)



THERE is no Queen in Europe who has won a stronger place in the affections of her people than Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians.

No revolution threatens her. No "Red Guards" will disturb the security of herself or her family. Even if a Socialist government were established the people would surely keep the King and Queen at the head of the State.

Why has the Queen of the Belgians especially won a lasting place in the affections of her people? Because she has shared with them all their miseries. Because she has given all her jewels for the relief of the homeless. Because she has nursed her wounded countrymen with great skill. Because she has lived through out the war in a humble house on the last strip of Belgian soil that was not conquered by the Germans.

Perhaps the strangest fact of all about the Queen is that she is of German birth. She was the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, member of a branch of the Bavarian royal family. So thoroughly has Queen Elizabeth identified herself with Belgian national life that the Belgians have quite forgotten that she came from the race that caused all their miseries.

When the Germans broke into Belgium in August, 1914, in spite of the solemn protests of King Albert, the Queen determined to remain with the Belgian army in all their struggles. She stayed in her palace in Brussels until the Germans had reached the suburbs of the city, and then she retreated with the army.

"As long as one square foot of Belgian soil is left, I will stay on it," declared the Queen, and right well did she carry out this brave resolution.

Her three children, too young to be exposed to the horrors of war when it was possible to save them, she sent to England. Her oldest son, Prince Leopold, was then thirteen years old. Prince Charles was eleven and Princess Marie Jose eight.

When the battle lines had become almost fixed after the first great carnage of the Germans and their subsequent defeat at the Marne, there remained of Belgian soil in Belgian possession a triangular strip, twenty miles long on the North Sea and about fifty miles on its greatest depth. The twenty-mile coast strip ran from Nieuport in Belgium to the French border.

This patch of territory was too small to be the seat of a government. The Belgian Government was, therefore, moved to the French port of Havre. But this was much too far from Belgium to suit Queen Elizabeth.

She made her home at Nieuport, in Belgium, within range of the German big guns. Her house was actually at La Panne, a fishing village and seaside resort near Nieuport. It was a picturesque-looking modern villa of red and yellow brick of the kind that middle-class Belgians used to keep for their summer vacations. Her house was one of a row of six, all exactly alike. The others were occupied by military officers, members of the King's and Queen's household and so forth. The similarity between the houses made it impossible for a German aviator to pick out the one occupied by the Queen.

The houses were almost on the sands. The sand blowing from the dunes obliterated the lawns and gardens cultivated by the former occupants of the villas.

The Queen walked daily on the neighboring sand dunes, watching the fighting aviators and the battles at sea, and waiting for the liberation of Belgium.

King Albert's kingdom was, in fact, reduced to a strip of sand. "The king of a ridge of sand which he has made more glorious than any throne in Europe," the Belgian poet Maeterlinck called him.

The Queen's chief interest in life at La Panne was the management of her hospital for Belgian wounded, called "L'ambulance de l'Ocean." It was installed in what had formerly been the chief hotel of this seaside resort.

Queen Elizabeth is a thoroughly qualified doctor. She began her medical education under her father, Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, who was noted as an oculist and performed 1,500 operations for cataract, in addition to other work. Queen Elizabeth took her medical degree at Leipzig University shortly before her marriage. Afterward she continued her medical studies at Brussels.

The Queen's hospital accommodated 1,500 wounded. Funds for its maintenance were collected all over the world. The Queen contributed largely to its support by paying her family jewels in England for \$250,000. Its chief surgeon was Dr. Antoine Depage, whose wife came to America to solicit subscriptions. She lost her life while returning on the Lusitania.

Queen Elizabeth worked in this hospital daily, taking care that everything was going well and making notes of new supplies needed. Restoration of badly maimed patients, who had lost legs, arms, eyes and other essential organs, was a great feature of this hospital. Most wonderful results were obtained.

A patient with one wooden leg was taught to put down his artificial leg with the same pressure as the natural one. To insure this he was told to walk on a little platform which registered the force of each footprint. If the artificial leg came down too hard, it showed he was using it like a crutch and that would upset the balance of his body. The experts trained him to correct this.

Artificial limbs of remarkable lightness and strength were made at the hospital. So well was this industry developed that the former patients built up a very profitable trade in artificial limbs.

Another diversion was established for making surgical instruments, and this helped to make the hospital self-supporting.

Near the beach was a pavilion in which Danish massmen helped injured men to recover the use of their muscles. In summer the patients basked in the sunshine on the beach, which greatly helped their recovery.

Every day in the hospital was supplied with a gas mask, for the institution had several times been gassed by the Germans. The doctors noted with satisfaction that gas was a valuable exterminator of rats and vermin.

One of the many patients was a poor woman of La Panne who had lost both legs through a German aviator's bomb, which had also killed her three children. The Queen was, of course, subject to the same risks as these poor people.

Many tales are told of the kindly personal interest shown by the Queen in her

patients. One day she noticed a convalescent soldier looking gloomy.

"Can I do anything to make you more cheerful?" asked the Queen.

"Well, your Majesty," said the soldier, "I have never felt the same since I lost my old pipe in the shell explosion."

The Queen inquired further, learned that the pipe had a bowl like a monkey's head and held half an ounce of tobacco.

She had one made as nearly like the old one as possible and gave it to the soldier.

An American woman who was invited to visit the Queen and look about the hospital has described her surroundings. The furniture of the villa was of the sort you find in a summer place you rent ready furnished. The windows fitted badly and rattled in the north wind. A hideous marble bust occupied a corner of the parlor and by the wall was a very small cottage piano.

The Queen wore a simple blue dress, with white linen collar and cuffs, very much like a nurse's uniform. She is described as very charming, although she has irregular features, which in her photographs detract from her appearance. Her hair is golden, her eyes large



This Model Queen Has Always Directed the Education of Her Children, and She Is Shown Here Instructing Her Oldest Son, Prince Leopold, in the Use of the Microscope.

The Heroic Queen, With King Albert, Receiving the Affectionate Greetings of the People of Bruges, the Very Day the Germans Were Driven Out of That City.

A Snapshot of Queen Elizabeth as She Looked in Her Outdoor Dress Behind the Belgian Lines in the Little Twenty-mile Strip of Belgium Which Was All the Germans Did Not Occupy and Where the Queen Lived With Her Soldiers During 4 1/2 Years.

always abundant. She is known as a first-class cook, and before the war had given lessons in cooking.

She made regular visits to the trenches near Nieuport and to other places along the line occupied by the Belgians. She would seat herself on a sand bag and cheer the men up by talking to them.

"Your Majesty is in great danger here," remarked a Belgian officer during one of these excursions. "A shell is likely to drop here any moment."

"Oh, they won't hit me," said the Queen cheerfully. "I am too small!"

In this exposure of herself to danger the Queen was following the example set by her husband, who, when asked to keep away from the firing line by a Belgian officer, said:

"My skin is of no more value than yours."

Queen Elizabeth made frequent trips to England to see her children, usually going there by aeroplane.

After the war had been going on for three years the two boys, who were growing big, were brought back to Belgium, dressed in military uniforms and remained with their parents.

It is a curious fact that before the war Queen Elizabeth was a very delicate woman, often on the point of breaking down under the ordinary routine of court life. In 1913 she did suffer a nervous breakdown and had to go to Switzerland for a rest cure.

Under the hardships and excitement of war she has grown much stronger and has shown herself able to meet every strain. Life in a tumble down villa has proved much healthier than life in the magnificent royal palace at Brussels.

When the collapse of the German army began in October last the Queen followed right on the heels of the retreating invaders, in order to help the Belgian civilians who had suffered so dreadfully under the Hun. The King was in actual command of the Belgian army, between Ypres and Arras, that broke the German line. At this period he could see little of his wife, who flew about to every spot behind the lines where her services were needed.

The German retreat from Ostend was a great event for the Belgians, because it meant that the Germans were going to abandon the entire Belgian coast. While the Germans were still in the outskirts of the town the Queen entered Ostend harbor on the British destroyer Terzaghi.

The Germans still had the harbor under artillery fire and the British destroyer and her companions were in fact in danger of being sunk and were forced to retire temporarily. The pressure against the Germans on the land side was so great that they were forced to run. Back went the brave Queen on her little destroyer.

The coast north of Ostend and the country a few miles in the interior remained in possession of the Germans less than a week after this. The Queen, of course, was in constant danger from shell fire, but she had become used to it after four and a quarter years.

Her first thought at Ostend was to care for the poor women and children there who had been subject to the unspeakable tyrannies of the German Admiral Schroeder and his subordinates.

Two weeks after she made her triumphant entry on horseback into Bruges, the first large Belgian city to be evacuated by the Germans. This ancient city was a headquarters of the German submarine flotilla, and the pilots of their submarines, through the canal which communicates with the North Sea at Ostend. Their lurid tales have been described in dispatches.

The reception of Queen Elizabeth by the people of this oppressed city was as touching as any of the tributes of the war. Poor women, whose husbands and sons had been taken from them, wept into tears as they called down angels blessing on them. "I saw Queen who had been faithful to them. All their troubles."

My Three Years of German Slavery



The
Countess
de
Gaza-Pascal

By the Countess de Gaza-Pascal

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(Continued from Last Sunday)
CHAPTER V.

I HAVE often wondered if the people of the world at large can ever create a truthful mental picture of the life of the French citizens in the cities which were caught in the swirl of the German invasion and remained in thrall for so many months. Books will be written, countless columns will be printed and histories will be devoted to this invasion, but it will be very hard for those who went through those long years of virtual slavery to tell of things as they actually were.

Let me describe as best I can the happenings of a single night, in one of the early months of 1917, as they were reflected in my chateau outside of Epinoy.

In those days there were unmistakable signs of a nervous tension throughout the executive departments of the German army in our district. Every night, for many weeks, there had been discussed by the German officers at my table two outstanding prospects. One was the expected British offensive in the Arras sector and the other was the entrance of America into the war.

The offensive was considered certain. The high German officers who sat around my table in the evenings discussing events and prospects seemed always to have almost definite information of every proposed move of the Allied armies. They knew almost to a day when the Canadians and Scots would push out from the Arras line and begin their hammering toward Cambrai. I listened to them discuss this forthcoming event with an elation which I could not hide even from them. They bantered me upon my hopes that such an offensive would be successful.

But there was much difference of opinion as to the probable participation of the United States. I could not help feeling, though, as I heard these officers, some of them of high position, express their ridicule of the thought that the United States would prove an important factor, that down in their hearts they considered the entry of the United States on the side of the Allies as the last straw.

For they were nervous, these officers, and for some time their state of mind had had its effect upon the civilian life in the occupied country. The whole army of invasion was like a wounded tiger at bay—it scratched and bit whatever was nearest, without provocation.

Occasionally there had to be a relief—the officers argued. So, one day, two covered automobiles stopped at my chateau and out of them stepped half a dozen young women. A soldier was with them. He had met them at the train in Cambrai and had led them to my house. One of them said to me, when I met them in my reception hall:

"Are we not expected? Where are the men?" When I stated that I had not been told to prepare for visitors the woman made a coarse exclamation and pushed by me into the house. The party proceeded then to make itself thoroughly at home. I soon saw these were women of evil life, and I quickly understood they had been sent for and instructed to come to my house for a rendezvous.

One of the officers billeted with me appeared in a short time and greeted the young women hilariously. I was ordered to prepare an unusually elaborate dinner—and I was also notified that General von der Waldau, the commander of the new Bavarian corps that had taken over the sector, was making a tour of his front and would not be present that night.

The women were from the Charlottenburg, the Teu-

ON that fateful August day four years ago when the German army poured across the Belgian frontier I was visiting friends in Brussels. Next day my husband joined his regiment in France, the Second Howitzer Reserve. I have never seen him since. He was killed in battle fourteen months later.

The Germans swept on. Suddenly the patrols of Uhlans galloped into Brussels; then came the Prussian Guard. We were now helpless in the hands of the enemy.

My husband's chateau was near Epinoy, in northern France. As the German lines pressed rapidly forward into France they soon passed through and beyond Epinoy, and I was permitted to leave Brussels and go to my home.

My home! For three years I was the servant in my own chateau, the humiliated slave of my brutish German masters. My chateau had been taken for the headquarters of the Fourth Artillery Corps, and from time to time Hindenburg and Ludendorff themselves were there. Twenty miles away was the Great Headquarters of the General Staff, at St. Auber.

For three years I lived under the shadow of the commanding officers of the great German military machine and overheard their plans, ministered to their brutal desires and saw their monstrous commands executed on the desolated homes and the quivering bodies of my neighbors.

I HAVE SEEN women dragged into my chateau and turned over to the drunken caprices of the officers.

I HAVE SEEN these officers possess themselves of my own household servants whenever fancy seized them.

The Robbery and Desecration of the Churches

derlin of Berlin. They had been sent for by General von der Waldau's officers for a "celebration." And I was compelled to be their hostess, to minister to their vulgar wants, in my own chateau—my chateau, where a President of France with all his staff once was my husband's guest!

That night one of the officers—he was the colonel of a regiment and noted, so his aides said, for his strictness with his men—reeled near me in a drunken scotch to the balcony for air. He must have seen the look of utter contempt in my eyes. He tried to apologize for the orgie—"What would you have, Madame! We must celebrate while we may. Pretty soon there'll be the devil to pay, and we must keep up our courage now to pay him with."

It was very difficult that night for me to keep my own girl servants—the young girls who had taken refuge with me—out of sight of the drunken officers. Repeatedly they demanded them, but—and for this I am thankful—the women from Charlottenburg wanted no possible rivals and plied the officers with drink until they forgot.

And while this revel was going on around me an old abbe, Father Bugnon, doyen of the cathedral at Cambrai, was being put through an inquisition in the German administration building and vandal soldiers were looting the interior of the ancient cathedral, amusing themselves by firing bullets from their revolvers into the image of Christ, which looked down upon the altar from a crucifix carved by the artisans of Charlemagne.

All this happened on a single night.

For me around my chateau every family knew of the feast of the staff officers. Tidings of such things spread as mysteriously and almost as quickly as an electric spark. Every woman old enough to be what the Germans would consider legitimate prey or young enough to still be attractive trembled in her home lest soldiers take the cue from their officers and start a revel through the whole neighborhood.

Abbe Bugnon had been a thorn in the side of the military officials for many months. He had obeyed all the rules; he had counselled humility and acceptance of the burdens of invasion without complaints; but even as he advised his congregation to be meek and unresisting, his very words were a firebrand which inflamed the soul of love for France. While General Hurt, of whom I have told before, was commanding officer in the section, no arbitrary methods were adopted against the abbe. But recently the Bavarian troops, with General von der Waldau commanding, had moved in, and Von der Waldau became the ranking commander. This General decided the abbe must be removed from the neighborhood. That day his orders were put into effect.

The abbe was accused of hiding a secret telephone in his basement and communicating information to the French. Soldiers broke open his study door without warning and placed him under arrest. He was hurried away from Cambrai, where his arrest might have caused a demonstration, to Epinoy. There the charge was read to him.

"Search my cellars, my cathedral—everything that belongs to me. If a telephone is found, take me before your court-martial and convict me. If no telephone is found, let me return to my duties," the old abbe said. They made a pretense of searching his cellars, but their most thorough search was of the cathedral itself, and they searched there not for a secret telephone, but for gold and silver, the poor box and the rich candelabra, jewelled relics and priceless services for the communion. They arrested the priest of the tabernacle and compelled him to open the holy ciborium that they might rifle it of its sacred contents.

That no telephone was found made no difference to the officers who had summoned the abbe before them. That the cathedral was a monument of the past and an inspiration for the future, its treasures representing the love of many generations, made no difference to the Bavarian soldiers, who thoroughly looted it. That night, while the officers in my house were entertaining the women from Berlin in my chateau, the good abbe was being told

I HAVE SEEN two unfortunate little ones born in my own house and greeted with the ribald jests of these men.

I HAVE SEEN the graves in the cemetery near my chateau torn open, the rings, crucifixes and trinkets taken, and even the gold in the teeth stripped from the jaws and the bones tossed into a heap.

I HAVE SEEN the heartbroken relatives reverently searching these heaps of bones, smoothing over the torn graves and piecing together the broken headstones.

I HAVE SEEN the deportations—the families assembled to be torn apart at an officer's command, the men and boys marched off to far-away munition factories, the women sent away to work in the fields and the pretty girls retained for the officers' entertainment.

I HAVE SEEN the spies come and go—those tireless and conscienceless wretches who creep back and forth through the military lines and also watch and listen and betray the people of the town.

I HAVE SEEN their pitiful victims marched through the streets and soon I have heard the guns of the firing squad.

I HAVE SEEN Prince Etzel reeling about in the arms of women he had sent for from Berlin to entertain him—

But I will tell this in detail; all this and a thousand other things which were burned into my brain and heart and soul through the long hours of the endless days and nights of that three years of horror.

LLAINE, COUNTESS DE GAZA-PASCAL

in the administration building that he would be removed from Cambrai and set down at some distant place, from where he must not return on pain of execution.

While the women of the Charlottenburg went back to Berlin the next morning, in time for me to obey instructions and remove all signs of their presence before the return of General von der Waldau, the abbe was taken away with an escort of two soldiers in a motor car. He was not allowed to visit his study again, to take with him even one of his beloved books, or to say farewell to one of his parishioners. He was left, I believe, behind St. Quentin, with a warning that he must not attempt any communication with his friends at home. I have never learned what became of him.

I visited the sacked cathedral. The consecrated stone of the altars had been lifted and thrown aside—broken. Sacred vessels from the altars were stolen. The great poor box, which was erected five hundred years ago, was broken open and its contents taken—coins which represented the pennies and dimes of America. These coins were the donations of the poor to the poor.

The vandals went from the cathedral to the abbe's study and thoroughly ransacked it. His rare old books were thrown into a heap and buried. Gifts from his parish, his silver service, his gold candlesticks, which had been sent him by a Cardinal at Rome, and even the chest of cushions which stood just inside his door for all the poor to put their hands in without stint, was carried away.

A chapel which was erected six centuries ago, near the cathedral site, which the Spaniards of Elizabeth's day and the Germans of Bismarck's time had spared, was completely stripped of everything that a German soldier could find any use for.

The people of Cambrai were stupefied at first. This was to them the greatest shock of the war. Other events had been more or less personal to each of them. One had lost his daughter, another her husband; one's home had been destroyed, and another's cattle requisitioned; but that was something for each to grieve over alone. The sack of the cathedral, the deportation of the abbe and the profanation of the altars was a tragedy to every one of them.

A protest was made by a committee of citizens to the commandant at Cambrai. He gave such little satisfaction that the citizens boldly approached General von der Waldau himself. For General Waldau I will say that he was quite furious. He discussed the affair with his officers at



Louis Raemaekers

The sacred vessels used for target by Hun marksmen



"THIS IS OUR VIOLA"

The drawing above the photograph is Raemaekers' powerful protest against the cathedral at Rheims—No money indemnity can ever

The photograph shows the wrecked and desecrated altar of the church about in the search for loo

The Young Countess de Gaza-Pascal, Whose Chateau in France Was Occupied by Hindenburg and Others in High Command, Reveals for the First Time the Details of Unsuspected Savagery Behind the German Lines in Devastated France Which Stands Unparalleled by Anything in History

table in my dining room. Each one of them, remembering no doubt that while the sack of the cathedral was in progress they were "keeping up their courage" by celebrating the General's absence by entertaining women, agreed that steps should be taken to pacify the people.

The General refused to interfere with the banishment of the abbe, as that, he said, was a matter of administration. But he ordered that the commandant at Cambrai

The mutilated statue of Saint Sebastian, showing the bullet holes left by the German vandals, who used this sacred object as a target.

procure the court-martial of every soldier and officer who participated in the raid on the cathedral. Two weeks later, after another protest had been made by the citizens, the commandant reported that his investigation had disclosed that the soldiers had been guilty of nothing more than a systematic search for a secret telephone, thought to be concealed about the church. The looting and profanations, he declared, were the work of the citizens themselves, who took advantage of an opportunity. Innocently supplied by the military authorities, to cover up their thefts!

Again General von der Waldaus was furious—that his troops should have been so maligned! I told him myself that if he would send his aide to the railway station at Cambrai he would find a pile of crates waiting for shipment back to Germany and containing the bulkier valuables looted from the cathedral, the chapel and the abbe's study. "It is impossible, Madame. I have been imposed upon," was the General's only reply.

It was the same General von der Waldaus who, eventually, ordered the whole city of Cambrai burned to the ground. The order was only partially executed, but to-day the cathedral is only a ruin—the greatest conflagration was started from its interior, where the soldiers stacked cans of oil to start the blaze.

Shortly after the events concerning the abbe and the cathedral at Cambrai Colonel Hof, the commandant who had instigated the deeds, was removed. I heard the staff officers discussing his transfer to Douai. It was something of a promotion.

Colonel Hof had been administrator of the civil and military affairs of occupation in the district of Douai but three weeks when not only the great cathedral of Douai, but more than a hundred churches in that diocese were systematically looted. To many persons in America it seems almost impossible that such de-

struction could be practised throughout a whole diocese under a formal military plan. I heard the stories of spectators, refugees from the Louai district afterward passed my house and told me, among other things, how the churches were sacked.

But even better evidence than these eye-witness reports is the letter of the Bishop of the Diocese of Douai to the Pope, making formal report of the occurrences. Let me give that letter here. It is one of the official records of the invasion, and copies of it, surreptitiously printed, were distributed throughout the diocese, that the parishioners might know that their Bishop had told the facts to the Pope. I memorized the letter, word for word, that I might give the text to the outside world. This is how it read:

"Douai, France,
"Episcopal Residence.
"February 18, 1917.

"Most Holy Father: It becomes incumbent upon me to fulfill a painful duty in informing Your Holiness of profanations perpetrated by the Bavarian army in our churches. On February 9 at 6 o'clock a. m. soldiers invaded one hundred and eight of the churches in my diocese. They ordered the services then in progress stopped immediately. They expelled the congregations. They forced the priests at the altar to stop the holy sacrifice of the mass. Then they searched every corner of the buildings, broke into sacred repositories, violated the altars and carried away all objects of value.

"In numerous churches they obliged the priests to open the tabernacles and show to them the contents of the holy ciborium. In a convent of this city the officer in charge of the Bavarian troops took the ciborium from the tabernacle and opened it himself, because the nuns refused to do so.

"All rectories and convents were stripped of money and objects of art and worship. Some of my priests have been placed under arrest, and I greatly fear they will be sentenced at courts-martial because forbidden goods, such as metals, relics and household utensils, had been stored away by the parishioners in the steeples of some of the churches. The priests did not know these violations of the military laws, and were not responsible therefor. Yet the commander of the troops occupying the diocese insists that they shall pay the penalties for the violations despite their ignorance of such violations having been practiced.

"I addressed immediately a formal protest to the German authorities, but so far have been unable to obtain good results therefrom. We are constantly exposed to a continuance of these violations.

"February 9 has been the saddest day of my episcopal career since the beginning of the war. These profanations of the Blessed Sacraments have caused a most painful impression on my mind and the minds of my beloved diocesans.

"I am, Most Holy Father,

"C. BARBE,
"Bishop of Douai."

The Bishop might have added that among the loot of the cathedral were the organ pipes, carved by a famous artist; a jewel incrustated frame from which a painting of the Virgin, so old that the painter's name had been lost, had been ruthlessly torn and cast aside, and the sacerdotal vestments of the priests.

Yet the Bavarians are Catholics, and I remember that twice Colonel Hof attended the Sunday mass said in the improvised chapel in my chateau every Sunday morning before the Lutheran services of the Prussians.

The articles stolen from the churches always were carefully crated to be sent back to Germany. Frequently these crates, boldly marked with the addresses of officials in Berlin, who, no doubt, were notified by mail to reship them to the families of the officers sending them, remained at the railway stations for weeks at a time, where the population of the city might see them and know where the priceless souvenirs of their churches were going. When an opportunity came for this plunder to be sent to Germany the officers in my home always were elated. The opportunity did not come with any regularity.

The railway coaches, where the loot had to be loaded into trains, were clearing houses for wounded and soldiers returning on leave, for that salvaged war material being sent back to Germany to be reconstructed or melted down into metal, and for other war equipment necessarily sent back from the front. The trains usually were quite filled—with munitions and soldiers coming from Germany and with the debris and men and materials returning.

But when an extraordinary movement of troops from Germany, such as the arrival of fresh divisions of reserves for regiments from other fronts, took place, trains returned without full loads. Then officers could send their crates of curios, church loot and valuable paintings and statuary fled from the French to their homes in Germany. Official sanction had to be given, of course—which

does away with any pretension that the thefts were not approved in high quarters.

My heart was especially heavy when I learned of the fate of the beautiful cathedral and the historic old buildings at Noyon. There may always be a question whether or not the wrecking of the cathedral itself, which was built in 1131, was an accident of war. A number of times the city was in the line of shell fire. It may have been impossible to spare it. But shells on legitimate cranks could not rip the canvases of paintings that were treasures of art from their frames and carry them back to Germany. The great vaulted roofs were blown away, but the central panels of the huge stained glass windows, as exquisite as a rare old tapestry, were not blown, but carried off. Even the brass candlesticks disappeared. A painting of the Crucifixion, which had attracted tourists from all over the world, was cut into patches, that all the officers of the regiment then stationed at Noyon might have one patch as a souvenir of their visit.

In the centre of the square at Noyon a leaden statue topped a fountain which marked a spot where armies in the Roman days had bivouacked. The fountain was carved from one immense block of white marble. Around the foot of the statue were countless marble dryads, each daintily carved, apparently fragile, yet they had weathered centuries.

The leaden statue was pulled down and shipped to Prussian munition works. The dryads were hacked off and distributed among German officers. One of them was sent by military post to Colonel Berkersburg by a friend who knew of his "fondness for art." It stood on the Colonel's dressing table in my chateau as long as the Colonel remained one of my unwelcome guests.

Of the cathedral at Leon the troops made a stable for their horses. A cavalry division was stationed there for some time, and no other building was so adapted to the comfort of the officers' horses.

The higher German officers, commanders of regiments and brigades, were particularly eager to find and remove valuable pictures. That the Government itself desired these paintings for museums at Berlin, Potsdam and various other art centres in Germany was frankly discussed at my table during the most active period of systematic looting.

At St. Quentin the entire contents of the Leclercq Museum were taken away. The custodians of this museum had argued to themselves when the invaders drew near that if they hid their valuable paintings the Germans might consider it a sport to find and destroy them. They could not send them to Paris then. Surely, they persuaded themselves, if they left their museum open and undisturbed the enemy would consider their trust a thing to be respected as a matter of honor.

The museum included the world-famous collection of Quentin de la Tours pastels, the most notable specimens of pastel ever conceived, and probably the most valuable single collection of its kind in the world. The Germans exhibited this collection in Mantebe for the benefit of soldier art lovers there, and then sent it on a tour of the empire. I was told it was taken finally to the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam. The public library, which was housed in the museum building, was thrown into a pile and burned.

Even Wilhelm himself was not above the theft of a painting. General von der Waldaus himself told this story to other officers of rank at my table, and he told with considerable secret enjoyment, as General Waldaus, who had been a protégé of Bismarck in his boyhood, had never quite forgiven his chief for the dismissal of the Chancellor.

In the Grand Place at St. Quentin there is a large oblong space divided by an avenue of beautiful, stately trees, presented to the town by Napoleon. Here in a large residence lived M. and Mme. Basquin, leaders of St. Quentin social life. When the Kaiser, on a visit to the front, which I shall describe later in detail, announced that he would rest for a while at St. Quentin, M. Basquin and his wife and servants were notified to immediately remove themselves from their residence. They were ordered to take no luggage—but to leave everything in the house just as it was at that moment.

The officer bringing the order insisted upon their leaving immediately. He would not let either M. Basquin or his wife step out of his sight until, having procured their hats and wraps, they had reached the street. Mme. Basquin was given no opportunity to change from a house gown to a street dress. The officer explained that officers especially detailed would prepare the house for the reception of the Kaiser, and if the personal effects of M. and Mme. Basquin were to be disturbed he would oversee the disturbing.

It was two days before the Kaiser arrived, with his numerous suite and staff. On the wall of the bedroom assigned to Wilhelm hung a small Madonna, by an unknown artist, which had pleased Mme. Basquin, not because of its value, but because of the originality of the conception. Wilhelm professed to see in the Madonna's face a likeness to that of the Kaiser. He ordered it carefully packed and forwarded, under imperial stamp, to the Kaiserin, who was then staying at Bellevue Palace.

One of the Kaiser's personal attendants had the courage to warn his imperial master that the Madonna was not an important one. "In that case," Wilhelm replied, according to General Waldaus's informant, "it will not be important that a receipt be left. We will pay for it outright." When his visit terminated the Kaiser left a five-mark piece (\$1) on the excretory over which the picture had hung. As unimportant as it was, Mme. Basquin probably had paid a thousand times that amount for the painting.

(Continued Next Sunday)



The mutilated statue of Saint Sebastian, showing the bullet holes left by the German vandals, who used this sacred object as a target.



FOR! the German destruction of the wonderful place this historic edifice.

Merly, its holy images shattered and tossed



Loot from churches which the Germans had already packed up ready to send back to Germany when the French surprised them and recovered the treasure



Thrilling Adventure, Love, Intrigue and the Great War

(Continued from Preceding Page)

quickly, telephoning while he questioned, to the end that by the time Osman Khalil had fully finished his recital orders had been given to summon all his available men to go to at once to the mosque of Hassan. And while he waited a few moments for the mobilization of his forces he paced the floor impatiently, aware that the detective he had his very afternoon been applying to the easy-going American would now with more justice be applied to himself. The American had waited 17 moments. It almost seemed as though Kismet had played him his hands. But there was no time to be wasted in speculation. Von Hengel was there in the Hassan. There, too, was the Black Stone of Mecca waiting, only to be seized and brought to the strong box of the Government. But the more he thought of the situation the more difficult it seemed to grow. For though the power of his office through the Sirdar was great in all temporal matters, great, too, was the power of Islam in all matters that pertained to its "son."

The Mosque of Hassan was sacred from the intrusion of those not of the Muslim faith. Daoud and Jessup had entered in disguise, hoping to achieve by diplomacy and ruses what would have been impossible otherwise. What had they accomplished? It was a dangerous venture for the American, who rushed in where others more versed in the customs of the East would not have dared. And the fact that one of his best men, Daoud, had counselled this course, showed the desperate nature of the expedition. After all, it was no more desperate a venture than von Hengel had taken.

There was only one thing left for Northby to do—surround the mosque. Hassan, block all exits, and then send a number of his men to the mosque of the Muslim faith to bring out the Nazir. And only if this course brought no results would he resort to extreme measures. What he had to do was to be had no present notion, but he meant to get the Black Stone and Daoud and Jessup safely out of the mosque. He had to lead in British troops to do it.

Or all these things he thought as he rode past the great mosque of El Agha, the temple and shrine of the teachings of Islam. He heard of the hearing of a detachment of mounted police, very smart looking in their blue uniforms and turbans, Muslims all, yet devoted to this man of white skin and Christian faith who had helped them to escape Egypt, what was this man doing with many people going away from the mosque and knew that the ceremonies were over. But Northby Pasha felt that the business which von Hengel had in hand would be transacted when the Nazir and the two Imams had finished their prayers and readings in the sanctuary.

Never had he been so eager to enter the sacred Mosque. His men were privileged, of course, but there was not one of them who could be trusted with the Black Stone, for he realized that some of them would desert a Christian on the night of the Ashura. So he laid his plans quickly and silently, disposing his men at all the entrances to the building, telling them that a Christian bent on mischief to the cause of the faithful had entered the building, and giving them instructions to arrest any one who attempted to pass the lines. Then, with a few chosen men known for their loyalty, he went along the dark street which led to the door of the Nazir. Here the first ray of light was shed upon the venture of Daoud and Jessup, for all men with loud exclamations, plucking at his beard in the prophetic manner and telling him what had happened in the Mosque, before he and Mustafa had chosen to depart.

"Your loyalty to him or their allegiance to their religion, or to risk a stone which might follow his actions and go in himself. He decided quickly, giving instructions to his men to withdraw out of sight and hearing to the two ends of the street, where they were to stand and to let no one pass, nor to approach again the door of the Nazir without his permission. When this was done he calmly took off his coat and hat and put them on the ground, addressing Ali silently.

"Your galabeh—turban, burnus—quickly, Ali."

"Master—yes, too!"

"Obey!"

All looked at him, startled, and then slowly began to disrobe.

"Quickly."

"Yes, and if I find that which I seek, all your sins will be forgiven you. But if you do not keep silence—if you speak of what I am to do, if as much as a thin trickle of water from a fat goat-skin passes your lips—you shall go to the Kadi tomorrow."

"Master," said Ali, trembling, "you may count upon my silence."

All fumbled at the belt, which finally yielded, and the Englishman entered, closing the door behind him. Silence. He waited a moment, listening, and then decided which way to go. From the crowds that he had passed along the streets it was clear that the lawn and hall of the mosque must now be deserted. But he went down a passageway and verified the assumption. Then, returning, he lifted a haughty and listening moment at the door beyond it.

He heard sounds now and tried to distinguish them, sounds like distant voices raised in clamor or lamentation, and closer to him another sound like the groan of some one in pain. He had taken the precaution to remove his shoes in the vestibule and stole forward along the passageway, coming up short against a dark figure which lay against the wall, just within the shadow of the light from the room beyond. His foot over and touched the man. It was Daoud Effendi, badly wounded and weak from loss of blood, but still conscious.

"Effendi! What has happened?" whispered Northby.

"Von Hengel has been shot," groaned Daoud.

"He shot you?"

"Yes, and came through here. I tried to follow."

"And the American?"

"He fell—down by the tomb. The Imam—Khatib."

Daoud struggled upward, but suddenly relaxed and sunk to the floor, his head and arms outstretched.

Northby Pasha glanced backward and forward quickly. Then, having the recumbent figure, and weapon in hand, strode toward the room of the Nazir. As he emerged into the light he drew the burnus of Ali's garb lower over his brow, and went quickly toward the tomb of Hassan, where he now slowly heard the sound of the lamenting voices.

He waited no time along the passageway, and came out, automatic in hand, alongside

the circular bronze screen and face to face with the Nazir and the two Imams, stretched upon the flagging near the outer wall lay a prostrate figure, the burnus of the spurious Bedawehs thrown back from the face and revealing the American, Jessup.

Standing nearby, his frenzied expression as he gazed at the helpless figure of the intruder indicating only too clearly the meaning of the long curved sword in his hands, stood the black-bearded Khatib. The Nazir and the other Imam passed in their terrible act of devotion and sacrifice and the waiting ceased in a gasp, as they saw the levelled weapon and heard the crisp accents of command. The Arab of Northby Pasha was more eloquent even than his weapon.

"Stop! I command you, or by the head of the Imam, son of Ali, whose servant thou art, I will make a different sacrifice here."

The Khatib, with the sword, after one started motion backward, rushed forward at Northby, his sword flashing dangerously, but the Englishman raised, and he fell, the scimitar clattering down just at Northby's feet.

Daoud Effendi is injured—and another. Summon an arabah. We go to the hospital," he ordered to his lieutenant. "A man will go ahead to warn them that we are coming. As for the others—search the Khan for two Franks—with stained faces, a man in Bedaweh robes and a woman in native dress. You will report to me hourly."

The officer saluted and departed at a quick trot, followed by his men. And in a short while the carriage arrived into which the injured men were put and driven hurriedly to the Kasr-el-Nazir barracks.

If certain persons in New York, familiar only with the broad figure of Mr. Jessup, struggling bravely to and from his club or sitting idly in the club window, had called him a "bumblebee," they were merely exercising an inalienable right of free speech which belongs to the servile as well as to the charitable. Certain it is that recovery from the terrific blow upon the head by the frenzied Khatib was proof that his skull was fashioned of something less vulnerable than mere flesh and bone.

It is true that his skull was slightly fractured and that for some days he suffered from an abominable headache, but by the time he reached the military hospital he had already recovered consciousness and was able before being put to bed to answer the fiercest questions of Northby Pasha. Daoud Effendi's bullet had found, for one of von Hengel's bullets had found, but it was a matter of some weeks before he could be back in line of duty.

of uncertainty and obeyed. Northby waited until sure that they would not return and then quickly went to the outside door and opened it, calling Ali, Afzal, and with the Moor-did's help. In a few moments the two men had been removed to the doorway of a house a short distance up the dark street.

"You have heard nothing—seen nothing. All. These men were hurt within this house. It is understood?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Excellent."

He took a silver whistle from his pocket. "The bow-wab and his wife—which way did they go?"

"Excellent."

"Which way?"

"I don't—I am uncertain—I think—yes, I am sure—toward the Maslah."

Northby frowned inwardly. His own stupidity as much as Ali's, was responsible for the German's escape, but there was nothing to do now but try to repair damages. Two shrill blasts upon his whistle and his men came briefly from both directions, both horse and foot.

But the abduction of Constance Master on by von Hengel—for there was now no reason to doubt the fact—seemed to awaken Alan Jessup to a sense of the disaster which had befallen, and in spite of his injuries he fought hard to be permitted to go out upon the following day and try to pick up the thread of his adventure where it had been so rudely broken. And so it took the combined persuasive efforts of Northby and the doctors to keep him quiet for forty-eight hours, while Northby reported that everything in the power of the Police Department was being done to find the lost trail.

Nothing definite had been accomplished, perhaps, but a clue or two had been found and there was a hope that by the time the American was up and about there would be some thing more tangible to report. To make the matter more serious, from Northby's point of view, the Duchess of Barchester had come down from Alexandria in person to make inquiries and to stimulate the Governorat to further ef-

blow on Alan Jessup's head was performing the same office that the medicine ball of Mr. Stoner Flynn had done. It was awakening him—but with this difference from the assault of the medicine ball—where the blow of the ball had served the purpose of thoroughly arousing him from a night of slumber, the blow of the Khatib was awakening him from the slumber of a lifetime. With still another difference, that while the blows of Flynn were given in play, this one had been struck in anger and in earnest.

Alan Jessup could not remember the time when he had ever interested him enough to be angry over. But he was angry now—thoroughly angry and aroused, and if ever the playgoers would let him up he was going to find Connie and follow von Hengel if it took him to Mecca.

His sense of responsibility about Connie sickened him. Of course, there was nothing between them any more. He had begun to understand why it was that Connie wanted to be rid of him. But the sense of responsibility about her seemed to make his life unbearable.

Where had von Hengel taken her? And why had he risked discovery of his whereabouts? About as laughing a woman, like a mile-stone around his neck? There were two answers to that. One that von Hengel realized that Connie knew too much, that other that he loved her, and true to the Prussian ideal, had chosen force where mere sentiment would not have availed him.

Curse the fellow! He was shrewd, quick, strong and desperate—without compunction of any sort. A dangerous antagonist for one of a different philosophy. But Alan Jessup was learning. "The blow on the head—and now Connie." Jessup turned uneasily in his bed to greet the solemn presage face of his man Dawson, who had at last been admitted to his smelter. He grimaced at him sheepishly, but he was very glad to see him. There was something Gibraltar-like in the slowness of Dawson's movements, as if the most very slightly extraordinary sequence of events had been repeated in Mr. Jessup's mind.

"Life quiet gave you Jessup's handbag head. Matter a mess, Dawson, what?"

"Yes, sir. Quite so, sir—a mess that you're coming on very nicely, they tell me, sir."

"They're letting you out to-morrow. Any word from Hoesland?"

"No, sir. The wire for instructions. I wired back that you were in the hospital, sir, but to stay about the Turkish and keep Connie under close confinement until he heard from you. I don't know how they'll have done right, sir."

Jessup sat up in bed and examined his visitor critically. If Dawson had handed him a white cravat for his dinner jacket he would not have been more astonished. Jessup was not quite sure that his ears were not deceiving him.

"You did what, Dawson?"

"Quite calmly Dawson repeated."

"But why?"

"Because, sir, I was quite sure that you were unable to give any orders yourself. But how did you know that I would improve these instructions?"

"You did, sir. But there was nothing else to do."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely, sir," Dawson went on with a still more surprising air of conviction, "because it is the only lead left, sir. I've been on the Government—wire, sir, the request of Northby Pasha, and every clue he has followed has led up to a blind alley, sir, when you were up, and about that you might like to take a hand in things yourself."

Jessup examined the man in still greater incredulity. For years he had considered him as a piece of well-worn mechanism, as a convenient clothes rack, a bath-drawer and cigar case, and he had never been possibilities of initiative beyond the mere routine of his monotonous existence, and never occurred to Jessup. Even yet he could not understand.

On this that there was complicity between Captain von Hengel and Connolly. "Yes, sir, I do, sir."

"Well, sir, since you ask me, I can't exactly say, sir, except that I thought the manner of Captain von Hengel's escape most suspicious, sir."

And then, as Jessup made no reply: "I hope I haven't upset your dinner, sir. No, Dawson, no. It's all right. Quite all right. But now, we've got to leave no stone unturned."

"No, sir. Not even the Black Stone, sir," said Dawson, as Connolly's Jessup frowned.

"You have told Northby Pasha of your suspicions?"

"No, sir. I thought perhaps that you would."

"Quite right, Dawson," gasped Jessup suddenly. "I do. I will to-morrow."

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(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)



"Constance fled hurriedly by the way she had come. Behind her von Hengel and the old man were standing near the door, as though finishing their conversation, preparatory to following her."

12 Months On A Cake of Ice For Science

The Camp of Storker, Stefansson, and his four men upon the floe that is bearing them over the top of the world with the drift of the Polar ice pack. Storker, Stefansson, is the figure kneeling at the left.

This Remarkable Picture of the Camp Which Was Taken by Stefansson Before His Return with the Rest of His Party, Represents a Photographic Conception of How It Would Appear if the Flow on Which They Are Now Drifting Should Be Suddenly Isolated from the Rest of the Pack.



Stefansson Dragging Home a Seal Which He Has Killed—The Seal Is the Second of the Two Articles of Meat Dried Upon the Menus of the Drifters.



A Diagrammatic Representation of the Course the Five Expect to Take. A, Shows the Starting Point in March 1915; B, Shows the Approximate Position in July; C, Shows the Position Where They Expect to Be in February 1919; Arrows Marked D Indicate Drift of the Arctic Pack Around the Pole.

The Perilous Experiment of Five Intrepid Explorers Who Are Drifting on a Floe of the Polar Pack in Search of New Arctic Lands

SINCE March of this year five men have been drifting across the top of the world on a cake of ice for science's sake. They are members of the Vilhjalmur Stefansson expedition, which was sent out in June, 1915, by the Canadian Government to seek new land and gather certain scientific data in the ice pack which circles about the North Pole. Three ships have tried to penetrate these frozen fields and all were caught in the fogs hundreds of miles away from the point their commanders wished to attain before beginning the slow drift over the unexplored regions in which, if the tidal phenomena do not mislead, lies an unexplored continent, or, at the least, an enormous island group. Of these three ships the Jeannette and the Karluk were each at last crushed in the jaws of the polar pack and sunk. The Fram was carried far out of her course. Their fates proved that the desired region could never be reached by vessels.

Therefore the five, under the leadership of Stefansson's lieutenant, Storker, have raised their tents in the open and for eight months have been drifting. How thick the pack on which they are they cannot tell from hour to hour. Apparently secure at night on a tract ten miles square, they may awaken in the morning to find it pierced with scores of fissures. If their case may break and drop them into the Arctic Ocean.

Five are they drifting today in a totally unexplored region seeking that new continent, or islands and archipelagos believed

to lie in their path between the Alaska-Siberian mainland and the North Pole.

They have no boats. Should one ice vessel become accessible they will struggle to flee to float them to another. When the party started on their voyage only enough food was carried to last six weeks. After this they were to subsist on such food as the polar regions yield.

Stefansson conceived the idea of making the trip aboard the floes, but had to give up the plan of heading such an expedition when he fell ill with typhoid fever and was forced to return to Alaska for medical aid.

North of Alaska and the Canadian border there is a vast tract of ice and snow labeled on the maps "Unexplored Region." Around its borders there are a few islands—some recently discovered and mapped by Stefansson. But after centuries of polar expeditions, in which hundreds of valiant lives have been lost in vain quest, little has been learned of the mysterious locked in this uncharted expanse.

Science holds that within the paleocrytic floes lies some great land mass. The movements of the tides of the Arctic indicate that such is the case. Two tidal streams enter from the Atlantic, one by way of Baffin Bay and the other flowing northward along the coast of Alaska.

Stefansson, after regaining his strength made his way from Alaska back to the east. He has just completed making his report to the Canadian Government. Concerning this plucky adventure of the Arctic regions he said:

"Nansen was the first man that ever thought about drifting across the Polar Basin. He went into the ice north of Siberia, near the New Siberia Islands, and drifted in a general northerly direction, then westerly, and finally southward, his ship coming out after three years in the vicinity of Spitzbergen."

"Another vessel had done a similar thing involuntarily more than a century earlier. The Jeannette, bearing an American expedition, commanded by Lieutenant De Long, of the American navy, froze into the ice north of the Bering Straits and drifted northwesterly until crushed after two years in the vicinity where Nansen deliberately put his vessel into the ice a few years later."

"In August, 1915, the Karluk, of the Canadian Arctic expedition, also commenced an involuntary drift. Frozen in the ice about 150 miles west of the mouth of the Mackenzie River and twenty miles north of Alaska, she drifted west and northwest until in January, 1916, she was crushed in the vicinity where the Jeannette long before had entered the ice."

"If the course of these three vessels were plotted on the same chart they would make a continuous line. In other words, the Karluk, had she not been crushed, would have duplicated, first, the drift of the Jeannette, and then, after four or five years in the vicinity of Spitzbergen, the course of the Fram, eventually entering the drift of the Fram."

"It has been announced that the Canadian government is contemplating an expedition to undertake a polar drift, and he intended to put his vessel into the ice about where the Karluk was involuntarily beset. He abandoned this plan as soon as he saw which way the Karluk had drifted, because it then became evident that his

own idea that a ship that froze into the ice north of Alaska would drift approximately across the pole, was erroneous, and that if he were to free his vessel anywhere in that vicinity he drift would thereafter duplicate, first, the Karluk, then the Jeannette, and lastly the Fram, thus covering no new ground. He accordingly altered his plan and is going to put as far as he can into the ice somewhere north of Siberia.

"It was my last thought that if you could once get an exploring party encamped 100 or 200 miles north of the pole, that in a course about parallel to the drift of these three vessels, but as far north of their course as the starting point was north of the Karluk track."

"I formed then the plan of striking out from the Alaska coast, across the Karluk track, with sledges, trying to reach a point 200 miles north of the Karluk. At about latitude 75 north, longitude 145 west we would camp on a cake of ice probably late in April and drift where the ice listed, taking continual soundings and frequent astronomical observations to plot our course carefully. It is impossible to carry on sledges food for that sort of a trip, but our work the last five years has shown that carrying food to the Arctic is like carrying cakes to Newcastle."

"In pursuance of this scheme I spent the Fall of 1917 in buying the best available dogs and in having eight good sledges made, with which I intended to start in February from Cross Island, on the north coast of Alaska, with an immediate objective 200 miles to the north. This plan was well under way when on January 9, 1918, I was taken with typhoid fever and this was in a severe form and followed by pneumonia. It soon became evident that I could not do the work myself."

"The task then fell to Storker, who would otherwise have been my chief assistant, on the trip. With ten sledges and about eighty dogs he left Cross Island in early March. After traveling about 100 miles, he sent back his first support party. On April 10 he was 200 miles north of Alaska and was ready to send back his last support party. Before sending them back he was obliged to travel for latitude and longitude, and then returned in camp for four days to see what the drift would be. Similar observations taken four days later show that he had drifted forty miles northwest by east. Our theory, therefore, seemed to be working out. For those forty miles, if plotted on a chart, would be parallel to the drift of the Karluk 200 miles farther south."

"The report that Storker sent back indicates that he was going to travel another fifty or seventy-five miles farther north before he would be on a cake to camp on."

"Most of the ice in that region is many years old, thickened by being crushed and heaped up in ridges and cemented together by the Jeannette, by the Karluk, and by thirty to thirty feet thick. I would choose a cake over fifty feet in thickness and not more than half a mile or a mile square in area."

"Storker is no doubt camped on some such cake. On a good sunny day it is likely to get from three to five seals. These he would skin in such a way that the skins form bags, which he would fill

A Polar Bear Climbing on the Ice Pack. This Animal Is One of the Two Meat Food Staples Upon Which the Five Men Will Live.

Appetizing Menus for the Week			
TUESDAY. Breakfast. Fruit, Omelet with Maple Sugar, Coffee. Luncheon. Celery and Cheese Salad, Bread Crumb Muffins, Baked Apples, Tea. Dinner. Smothered Steak, Roast Potatoes, Spinach, Fruit Salad, Custard, Cakes, Coffee.	WEDNESDAY. Breakfast. Stewed Prunes, Creamed Corn, On Toast, Tea. Luncheon. Cream of Potatoes, Custard Jelly, Pudding, Popovers, Jelly, Tea. Dinner. Sausage Balls, Brown Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions, Lettuce Salad, Rice Pudding with Custard, Raspberries, Coffee.	THURSDAY. Breakfast. Bananas, Fruit Salad, Cereal, Tea. Luncheon. Cold Chicken, Scalloped Potatoes, Rice Soup, Roast Duck (Stock), Custards, Celery, Spiced Peas, Tea. Dinner. Fricassee of Rabbit, Brown Sauce, One Egg Cake, Baked Apples, Raspberries, Coffee.	FRIDAY. Breakfast. Fruit, Omelet with Maple Sugar, Coffee. Luncheon. Celery and Cheese Salad, Bread Crumb Muffins, Baked Apples, Tea. Dinner. Smothered Steak, Roast Potatoes, Spinach, Fruit Salad, Custard, Cakes, Coffee.

Appetizing Menus for the Week			
TUESDAY. Breakfast. Fruit, Omelet with Maple Sugar, Coffee. Luncheon. Celery and Cheese Salad, Bread Crumb Muffins, Baked Apples, Tea. Dinner. Smothered Steak, Roast Potatoes, Spinach, Fruit Salad, Custard, Cakes, Coffee.	WEDNESDAY. Breakfast. Stewed Prunes, Creamed Corn, On Toast, Tea. Luncheon. Cream of Potatoes, Custard Jelly, Pudding, Popovers, Jelly, Tea. Dinner. Sausage Balls, Brown Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions, Lettuce Salad, Rice Pudding with Custard, Raspberries, Coffee.	THURSDAY. Breakfast. Bananas, Fruit Salad, Cereal, Tea. Luncheon. Cold Chicken, Scalloped Potatoes, Rice Soup, Roast Duck (Stock), Custards, Celery, Spiced Peas, Tea. Dinner. Fricassee of Rabbit, Brown Sauce, One Egg Cake, Baked Apples, Raspberries, Coffee.	FRIDAY. Breakfast. Fruit, Omelet with Maple Sugar, Coffee. Luncheon. Celery and Cheese Salad, Bread Crumb Muffins, Baked Apples, Tea. Dinner. Smothered Steak, Roast Potatoes, Spinach, Fruit Salad, Custard, Cakes, Coffee.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A SIMPLE BUT BECOMING DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (2376). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

AN "EASY TO MAKE" APRON (2400). The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 24; medium, 26; large, 28; and extra large, 30 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A NEAT, COMFORTABLE PLAY SUIT (2378). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

AN INTERESTING GOWN (2380). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 10 requires 7 yards of one material 40 inches wide. To make sleeves and overbodice of contrasting material, as illustrated, will require 2 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide for 10-inch size.

A THAWING SCHOOL DRESS (2384). Cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

A GOOD HOME SERVICE UNIFORM (2375). The pattern is cut in seven sizes:

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The Winter Gauze Shawls

By Lady Duff-Gordon



This Buff Scarf, Edged with Old Rose, Is More Effective Because It Is Worn with a Mulberry Charmeuse Skirt

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion. Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon
("LUCILE")

CLOTHES, as all else in this changeable life, have their paradoxes. For instance, Winter requires warmth, at least in this so-called temperate zone. Yet wraps that are warmless appear and make insistent and recognized claim for attention this Winter.

Sweeping shawls and very long and wide scarfs of gauze are seen wherever smart evening costumes are gathered under one roof. "Of what use are they?" the utilitarian asks. I might as reasonably ask "Of what use are roses and violets?" Yet no one will dispute that they have an important place and function in the cosmos.

Today I show you three of the paradoxical Winter gauze shawls. One, you will observe, is of Naples yellow sewn with brilliant. Another enveloping scarf is of blue, edged with black and stenciled in silver. A third is a long scarf of buff chiffon.

Clothes have a parallel in food in one respect. Their value and effectiveness depend greatly upon their combinations. A case in point is the large central figure. The Naples yellow scarf is lovelier by reason of its union with the ball gown of pale blue *peau de soie*, with its border of black velvet. The head dress of cornflower blue, with a scarlet plume, heightens the semi-barbaric richness of the costume.

So of the buff scarf edged with old rose. It is handsomer because it is blended with a mulberry charmeuse skirt. The train is bound with old rose. The corsage ornament is of mother of pearl and silver.

In the third instance the French blue scarf is the more effective because it is worn with an evening coat of green cloth.

A Naples Yellow Scarf Sewn with Brilliant Renders This Ball Costume More Poetic

This Scarf of French Blue Makes the Green Evening Coat Handsomer for Its Company